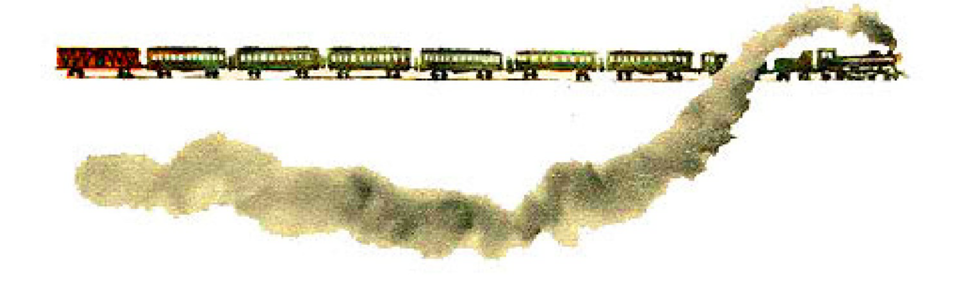
Samuil Marshak



IN THE VAN

Translated by Margaret Wettlin

Illustrated by V.Lebedev



A lady sent in the van:

A bag,
A box,
A divan,

A hamper,
A sampler,
Some books,

And a wee little doggy named Snooks.



At the station in Red Banner Street
She was handed a yellow receipt
That listed the things for the van:

A bag,
A box,
A divan,
A hamper,
A sampler,
Some books,

And a wee little doggy named Snooks.



When the luggage was brought to the train,
It was counted all over again,
And packed away in the van:

The bag,
The box,
The divan,
The hamper,
The sampler,
The books,

And the wee little doggy named Snooks.



But off the wee doggy ran
As soon as the journey began.
And only on reaching the Don
Was it found that the doggy was gone.
All the luggage was safe in the van:

The bag,
The box,
The divan,
The hamper,
The sampler,
The books,

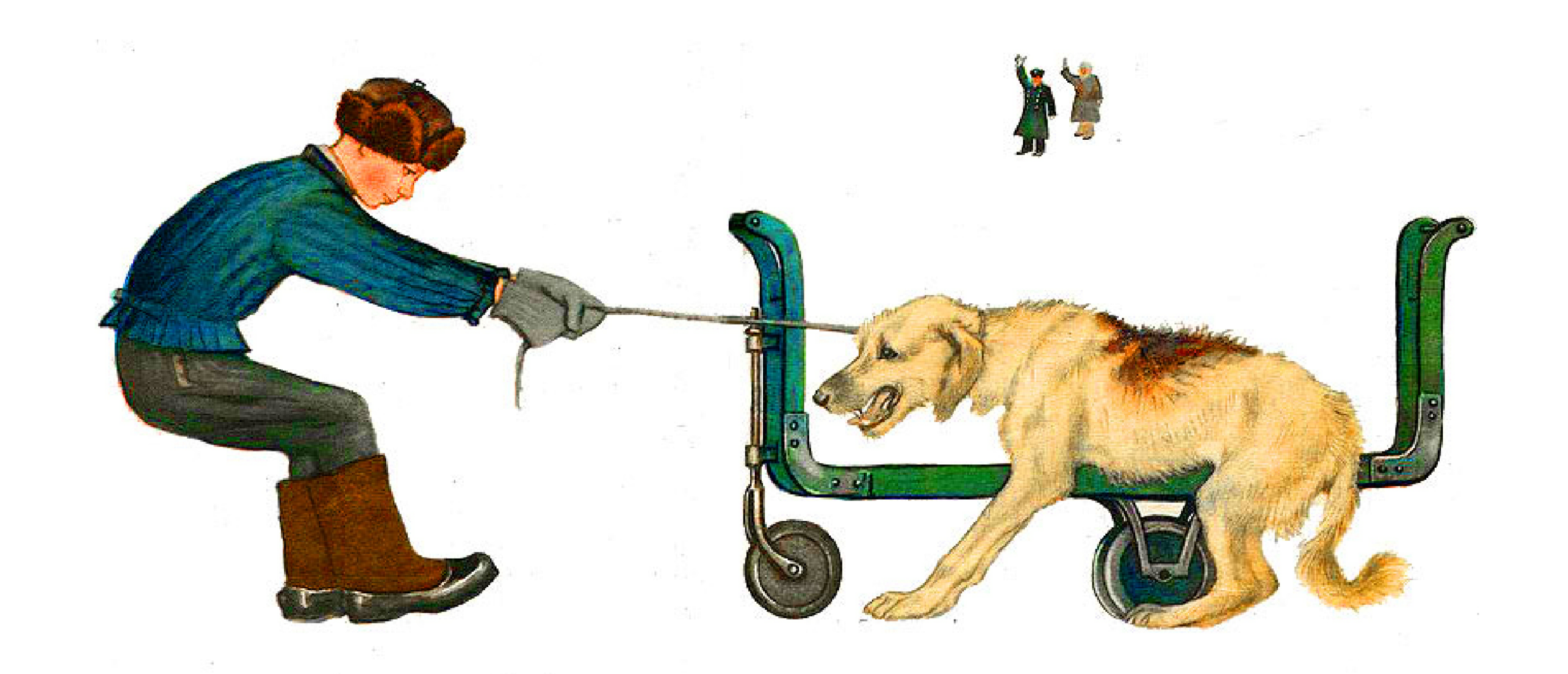
But — where was the doggy named Snooks?



Just then an enormous hound
Came over the rails at a bound.
It was caught and put in the van
Along with the bag and the box,

The hamper,
The sampler,
The books,

Instead of the doggy named Snooks.



The lady got out of the train
At a station in southern Ukraine.
She called to a porter, who ran
To bring her the things in the van:

The bag,
The box,
The divan,
The hamper,
The sampler,
The books,

And the dog — that was not named Snooks.



The hound gave a terrible growl,
The lady emitted a howl.
"You robbers, you rascals!" cried she,
"This isn't my dog, can't you see?"
She tore at the handles and locks,
She kicked at the bag and the box,

The hamper,
The sampler,
The books:

"I will have my doggy named Snooks!"



“Just a minute, dear madam, don’t shout,
And don’t throw your luggage about.
It seems that you sent in the van:

A bag,
A box,
A divan,
A hamper,
A sampler,
Some books,

And a wee little doggy named Snooks.
But the smallest of dogs, as you know,
In the course of a journey may grow.”

